

The Tragedie of Hamlet

This man shall see me packing,
I'll lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsaile
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
VWho was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.

Exit.

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrance
and Gyldestierne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
VWhere is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on vs a lit le while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. VWhat *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Gert. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his, lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stir,
Whips out his Rapier, crye is a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had beene so with vs had we bin there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shal this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid, to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunce
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a soule disease
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnesse like some ore
Among a minerall of metalls base,
Shoves it selfe pure, a weeps for what is done.

King. *Gertrard*, come away,

Prince of

The Sun no sooner shall the
But we will ship him hence.
We must with all our Maie
Both countenance and excu
Friends both, go ioyne you
Hamlet in madnesse hath Pa
And from his mothers close
Go seeke him out speake fa
Into the Chappell; I pray y
Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call
And let them know both w
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the wo
As leuell as the Cannon to
Transports his poysoned sh
And hit the woundlesse ayr
My soule is full of discord a

Enter Hamlet, Ros.

Ha. Safely stowd, but so
O here they come.

Ros. What haue you don

Ham. Compounded it v

Ros. Tell vs where tis th
And beare it to the Chappe

Ham. Do not beleue it

Ros. Beleue what?

Ham. That I can keep y
sides to be demanded of a
made by the sonne of a Kir

Ros. Take you me for a

Ha. I sir, that sokes vp th
authorities, but such Offic
he keeps them like an apple
to be last swallowed, when
but squeeing you, and spung

Ros. I vnderstand you ne

Ham. I am glad of it, a

Ros. My Lord, you must
vs to the King.